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ALL HEART AND NO HEART.

THE article heart is very unequally distributed in this world. Mrs Butter is a specimen of a class who are said to be all heart. She is full of benevolent interest about everything, from the marriage of a young friend to the woes of a dog in the street. She must feel intensely on all occasions, and also let the state of her feelings be known, or she esteems herself as not having done what is proper for her. There is only one drawback from this amiable character; nobody can be sure of Mrs Butter's having a special friendly interest in them, seeing that she speaks in the same enthusiastic way of all the world; nor is it possible to believe that there is much sincerity where there is so much profession. It must also be owned that Mrs Butter really *does* nothing for any one, or to promote any good undertaking, probably from the complete occupation which her feelings give her, or because, being sure that she *feels* enough, she finds her conscience at rest about everything else. Thus All Heart, as exemplified in her, sits at home all day by the fire, melting over dismal accidents in the newspapers, and expressing infinite commiseration at every tale of domestic trouble which is reported to her by the friends who call upon her, but never once thinking it necessary to bestir herself or give of her means in favour of any charitable purpose whatever. Mrs Butter is also a great reader of novels, which form a very convenient sphere for her mind to exist in, since her excessive benevolence may there find unlimited scope for play, respecting hapless heroines and virtuous heroes of humble life, and unfriended orphans, who struggle through all sorts of difficulties, and yet she never be called upon to take a moment's trouble, or spend a penny of her money, in behalf of any of these excellent specimens of humanity. Her allowance of fiction is two novels or romances per week, which is exactly enough to satisfy the cravings of her benevolent nature without too much straining it. You never, therefore, can pay her a visit but you find her in the greatest concern about somebody or something in the book upon her table, which she will no sooner have exchanged at the circulating library than all her feelings will have vanished into thin air. Mrs Butter is manifestly a person all heart, for there is nothing else in her composition: at least there are no feet to go on errand of charity, no hands to give alms, no back to take up any other person's burden.

Miss Dowell is a different sort of person entirely, for she never says a word about lamentable things, or professes any commiseration about the woes of either her friends or anybody else. But, from her girlhood, she has been continually engaged in active duties, which had for their object to sweeten life to others. Amongst her sisters, she was always the person left to take charge of and entertain bores, whether consisting of a host of stupid children thrust upon them for a half day's visit, or of elder guests condemned as heavy from their want of the tone of the world, from their natural dulness, their loquacity, or from something else which forbids their being described as *nice* people. At sixteen, she was sent to an old house to take entire charge of a dying grand-aunt, and this simply because nobody else would, and therefore Sarah must do it. By the time she was relieved from this duty, her father was falling into dotage, and to her, of course, fell the task of attending to him, which she did for ten years with unremitting assiduity. A few stray nephews and nieces came into her hands to be taken care of, just a relief from graver duties; and all of these young persons did she almost solely usher into life, while other friends, upon whom the claim

was as great, only expressed their admiration of her incessant habit of doing good, and recommended the young folk to be excessively grateful to her. Whenever any member of her extensive connection is taken ill, she is expected, as a matter of course, to attend them till all is well again. She has, in fact, spoiled them by her extreme readiness to do good—excepting only in one point, that they really feel the excellence of her character, and praise in her what they cannot realise in themselves. Miss Dowell rarely reads novels. You never find her sighing with a fictitious heroine—she has too many real ones to sympathise with and help through their difficulties. She speaks little of deaths, bankruptcies, or newspaper accidents, and never makes a single allusion to any case of distress or trouble in which she may have appeared as the angel of mercy; but she talks much of things that are hopeful and cheering, and generally leaves you with an impression that the world is a more agreeable sort of place than you were disposed to admit. It will be owned that Miss Dowell has at least a good heart, although she does not exclusively consist of that celebrated piece of organisation.

Between the two extremes there lies a vast class who have some portion of heart—nothing perhaps very remarkable, but enough to make them passable members of families and of general society. Passing over these, we come to the No Hearts, who are a very interesting set of persons. Interesting as examples of defect in nature, just as persons born without arms or hands are interesting. It is certainly curious to encounter in one's pilgrimage through life a young lady, for example, elegant in person, accomplished, possessed of all the statutable properties of a young lady, but totally destitute of a heart. Yet such phenomena exist in no inconsiderable number and variety. The heartless young lady has no preferences for the opposite sex; she is insensible to the genuineness of any passion which may be felt for her, and to any kind of merit in the votary. A lover is but the symbol of some sort of consequence in her own person; and, if he be esteemed by the world for any personal quality, talent, or worth, she can appreciate the importance which that confers upon her, but *feels* it not herself. And as she never becomes attached, so is she ever ready to exchange one lover for another who may appear on worldly grounds more eligible. The distress which this creates in the unfortunate man she only disregards because she can form no notion of what affection is, and therefore thinks it very unreasonable of him to make such a work about his disappointment. In some cases where to the want of heart is super-added a love of sport, we see the young lady make much amusement out of an honest swain before she finally dismisses him to despair. Of course, in such cases, the more estimable he is, the greater her triumph and glorification. There is but one consolation to the gentleman—and it is rather a feeble one—that the successful suitor will be much more to be pitied than he.

It is one of the greatest pains incidental to a generous and affectionate nature, that it so often meets with beings who are incapable of appreciating or returning its kind emotions. It offers itself freely, unreservedly, looking for nothing, aiming only at gratifying a fellow-creature, and encounters coldness, distrust, and suspicion. The heartless do not understand such advances. Unconscious themselves of any such impulses, they view them as only some refined mode of carrying one of those selfish purposes which are to them so much more familiar. To find such want of feeling in even the miscellaneous people of the world is sufficiently bitter, though it may be only

a passing bitterness; but when the coldness belongs to one whom relationship and frequent association invest with a more important character, it is indeed a severe grievance. Against any advantages which may be presumed to be derived from the gradations of society, we must place this amongst other disadvantages, that these systems of rank often interfere to mar affections on one side or the other. Two human beings have been friends at the early time of life when there is no sense of caste. But by and by, one party begins to become conscious of having a certain superiority to maintain in society. He must consort only with persons of his own grade. The friend of early happy days must be discarded. Here the social law certainly dictates a heartless act; yet how readily, in general, is it obeyed! It is thus that formalisms are constantly overpowering, in the great bulk of ordinary minds, the promptings of their better feelings. The great-hearted will of course resist and never altogether forget or cast off the humble companions of their childhood; but the great-hearted are sown rarely throughout this wilderness. It is not my habit to find fault with social customs of a deeply seated character, but I never can witness the kindly attachments which are formed between the children of wealthy persons and the servants who attend them—all heart on both sides—without being touched in spirit to consider that a time must come when these worthy people will see their youthful charges move coldly away from them, and all recollection of their once familiar intercourse be banished.

The distinction of hearty and heartless is the cause of a vast number of cases in which one party feels that another has been ungrateful. The former pours forth his kindnesses—entertains, befriends, puts himself to trouble, perhaps expense—and finds in a little time that all has been in vain, simply because the other does not possess a heart to be affected by such treatment, or to give a return of similar kindness. Not that genuine benevolence ever complains of ingratitude—it *feels* it—and the bitterness lies wholly in the disappointment of finding all to be coldness where affection was looked for. Often does it fall to the lot of persons living in the country to receive with hospitality strangers, or almost strangers, who come in their way; expecting no sort of return in kind, but simply obeying an impulse of their nature, or performing what they perhaps regard as a species of duty. How mortifying for these kind-hearted people, on meeting afterwards some of their guests in town, to find in them, not merely an inclination to avoid making a suitable return, but a coldness of demeanour which seems purposely assumed to close all expectations. The denial of reciprocal favour, in such cases, is nothing—can be nothing, where nothing was expected or wished for: it is the heartlessness which grieves. The benevolent man is mortified by the exhibition of feelings so contrary to those his own nature dictates, and feels the shock of an antipathy rather than the pain of an insult.

A very few years ago an instance of this species of heartlessness occurred in a department of society where it was scarcely to have been expected. A military officer of well-known name had to return from the government of a distant dependency of Britain, when, unluckily, before all his preparations were made, and contrary to custom, his successor arrived. Obligated to give up the government house on a sudden, he did not know how to dispose of himself and his family with any degree of comfort for the few weeks they had to stay, when the captain of a government ship lying in the roadstead offered him the use of his own rooms in the vessel, a proposal which

was eagerly accepted. The captain—a man of family fully equal to the other, and every way estimable—spared no expense and no inconvenience to himself to render his guest and suite comfortable during the three or four weeks they lived with him. Speaking moderately, he could not have spent less than two hundred pounds in actual money in the entertainment of the ex-governor. It may be further observed that this handsome conduct was enhanced by the fact of there having been no previous friendship or even acquaintance between the parties. When at length the ex-governor's preparations were completed, he parted with the worthy captain, saying everything that was proper on the occasion.

After the lapse of about two years, the ship returned to England, and the commander one day espied his friend the ex-governor at the upper end of one of the London club-rooms. He went up, full of his usual frank and friendly feelings, but was surprised to find that, though the newspaper was gently laid down upon the table at his approach, no hand was held out to acknowledge his acquaintance. Supposing that his appearance was a little altered by exposure during service, he said, by way of assisting him, "You may not recollect me—I am Captain —, of the —." "Quite a-w-a-a-r-e!" answered the ex-governor, without moving a muscle of his face, or shifting in the slightest degree his position—"A-n-y news?" Not another word came from this diplomatic adept, who, it must be owned, could by no other four words have more thoroughly accomplished his object of beating off the inconvenient renewal of an intimacy in which he was the too-much-obliged party. It is hardly necessary to say that Captain — instantly turned on his heel, and never again addressed a word of recognition to the ex-governor. It may be added that there was positively no cause besides that which appears in this narrative for what took place. Captain — had simply put himself to trouble and expense for one of the sect of the heartless.

Heartlessness is, after all, a subject calling for a good deal of delicacy on the part of those who have occasion to witness it. It is often merely that defect, or dormancy, or deprivation of the affections, which forms a feature of insanity, inherent or acquired. I have known persons reputed as heartless prove afterwards insane, leaving no doubt that it was with them only a premonitory symptom of disease. It is necessary, therefore, to consider it with some degree of tenderness in judging of conduct, and there may be also some wisdom in accepting it as a warning of the probable coming of a morbid state of mind.

VOISIN ON IDIOCY.

I now propose to offer a few explanations in reference to congenital imbecility, along with the definitions of Dr Voisin of the Bicêtre, and the means he adopts for its melioration. I am not aware of any department in natural science which has been so much neglected as this, or upon which so little has been said with precision by any class of writers. In England, it cannot be said to have been written upon at all. The cause of this not very creditable neglect has probably been the idea that idiosyncrasy is determinate and incurable—is not a malady to be remedied by either the physician or the philanthropist. Pinel, of whom no one can speak but with respect for his benevolent exertions in behalf of the insane, observes with respect to idiosyncrasy, that it is "a general obliteration of the intellectual and active powers." This imperfect, if not delusive definition, was but slightly modified by the great Esquirol. "Idiotism," says he, "is that particular state in which the intellectual faculties are never manifested, or in which they are only imperfectly developed." Existing, then, under the ban of such a definition, the idiot, while commiserated and taken care of, is deprived of medical aid. For every other species of insanity, there are in Great Britain numerous hospitals, but not one asylum is open to receive the poor idiot. In France, however, the case is different. Public attention was first directed to the subject about thirty years ago by Ferrus, and his investigations have been diligently followed up by Falret, Leuret, Seguin, and lastly by Dr Voisin, who has collected the substance of all that has been written by his predecessors—with the valuable addition of his own knowledge and experience—in an interesting pamphlet which now lies before us.* Taking advantage of these accumulated investigations, I shall proceed to show where the ordinary notions of idiosyncrasy are incorrect, what idiosyncrasy really is, and lastly, narrate the means which have been used in France to ameliorate the pitiable state of those afflicted with it.

"To become acquainted," says Voisin, "with every species of idiosyncrasy—to know what deficiencies there are in the head of a human being—it is essential to know and understand the nature of man in the inte-

grity of his attributes; it is necessary to know what are the instinctive, intellectual, moral, and perceptive elements which enter into the constitution of his understanding; in other words, the elements which, by their harmonious union, constitute man as an animal, and man as a moral, as an intellectual, and as a perceptive being. Idiosyncrasy may affect each or all these faculties; man may be afflicted partially or completely with idiosyncrasy; sometimes in his instincts of self-preservation and reproduction; sometimes in his moral sentiments; sometimes in his intellectual powers, and sometimes in his perceptive faculties; he may be deficient in any one of these fundamental powers, without any of the others ceasing to perform their individual functions. Finally—and this is the lowest stage—idiosyncrasy may be complete, destroying all the faculties, instinctive, moral, intellectual, and perceptive—when the shadow of the animal and of the man is all that can be perceived. In this point of view, then, idiosyncrasy is far from merely presenting that particular state in which the intellectual faculties are never manifested, or in which they are imperfectly developed." Dr Voisin inquires, "is it not possible for an individual to possess more or less intelligence, and nevertheless be tainted with idiosyncrasy in his moral sentiments?" On the other hand, idiosyncrasy may specially taint the intellects, while it leaves the sentiments energetic, and the desires strong. Drawing, therefore, a definition from the present state of science, idiosyncrasy may be described as either that peculiar state (complete idiosyncrasy) in which the ordinary instincts, the moral sentiments, and the intellectual and perceptive powers are never manifested; or as that particular state (partial idiosyncrasy) in which those attributes of our being are, either together or separately, but imperfectly developed. Having established that there are degrees and kinds of idiosyncrasy, Dr Voisin proceeds to describe them, commencing with total idiosyncrasy.

Idiosyncrasy is seldom complete. There are, however, instances of it. In objects thus horribly afflicted, "all is reduced to a mere vegetative existence; respiration and digestion are the only functions which appear. In most cases the senses are alive and well assimilated; but they know not—if I may so speak—to whom to transmit impressions from the exterior world. The impression stops with the organ, with the ear or eye, and exercises no influence on the being. Nothing appears to have a destination in the organisation; all is vague and confused, without harmony or purpose; the eye is never fixed, the ear never listens; the imperious wants of hunger and thirst are felt in vain; food is placed before these unfortunates, but they have not the skill to convey it to their mouths. They evince neither attention, perception, desires, sentiments, affections, passions, nor intelligence—nothing that can impart the idea of an animal or of a man. I have seen, without being able to account for it, a singular trait in some of these idiots—a continual movement of the whole body forwards and backwards, or from right to left; during which the arms hang down, and the head turns gently on its axis, and thus they saw the air for hours together. I have noticed the same sort of motion performed among the monkeys shut up in our menageries. I have also remarked, in reference to the cerebral development of such idiots, that in nearly all of them the brain is reduced to very small dimensions."

The next description of idiots, though not so ill-used by nature, are singularly dangerous to themselves and to society. Their lower propensities are completely and strongly developed, while their intellectual faculties and moral sentiments can be but faintly traced in their constitution. Another description of idiots are those, most of whose faculties are touched with, rather than destroyed by, idiosyncrasy. "I will explain myself," says Dr Voisin, "by the simple exposition and interpretation of facts which daily pass under my eyes. The idiot of this species has the preservative instincts common to the human species; but he has not all of them—one, two, or three are wanting. He also possesses the moral sentiments, but he is without one or other of their superior attributes. The same by the intellectual and perceptive faculties, but their number is incomplete. We cannot place a person in this condition on a level with an ordinary organisation. His idiosyncrasy presents a manner so vague and general, that it must be regarded as being made up of partial idiosyncrasies which affect each order of his faculties."

I now proceed to consider the means of alleviation practised by Dr Voisin, and recommended by his predecessors. "The first thing to be done," he says, "is to discover with certainty the actual condition of the patient; that is to say, the state of his instinctive, intellectual, moral, and perceptive faculties." With this knowledge, the physician applies himself to the work of education and instruction. "As all idiosyncrasy," says Dr Voisin, "arises from a speciality of organisa-

tion, so it is to be cured or ameliorated by a speciality of education. All curative proceedings, therefore, must be based upon a knowledge of the predominating faculties and propensities of the patients. Whenever a glimmer of capability is observed, that is improved by instruction and encouragement, every effort being directed to the most prominent faculty." With a view to carrying his designs into effect, Dr Voisin has, I believe, a private school for imbecile children belonging to the more opulent orders. He separates them into four classes, three of which contain patients whose condition nearly coincides with the description of the three sorts of idiots described above. The fourth comprehends children born of insane parents, and who are therefore fatally predisposed to insanity and other nervous affections. The idiot pauper children at the Bicêtre are classed in a similar manner.

With reference to his remedial measures, idiosyncrasy, as first described—that pitiable affliction in its most awful form—the dawning hopes of prevention, rather than the possibility of alleviation or cure, can only be pointed at. "If, when observing individuals thus horribly mutilated," continues the doctor, "the physician can only deplore his utter inability, he will own, nevertheless, that on these rudiments of the species, on these rude forms of humanity, science is able to make most interesting observations. Who knows that they may not end in discovering laws by which the irregularities of conformation will become manifest? When the brain does not present an extraordinary configuration—as frequently happens with idiots—and we can only trace the derangement to its tissue or to its membranes, who knows whether we may not arrive at a knowledge of the causes which inflame that organ, which have impeded the process of its nutrition, which have shackled its normal development, and which have placed, as a destiny upon the individual, an invincible obstacle to the free, easy, regular, and effective manifestation of his faculties, instinctive, moral, intellectual, and perceptive? I nourish the hope that women will one day receive from their physicians instructions as salutary for themselves as for their unborn offspring." That much may be hoped from such investigations and their instructive results, there can be no question; for "natural idiosyncrasy" as it is called—that which afflicts children from their birth—has always been traced to the parents. In Scotland, for example, there is an idiot in almost every village, and this has been ascribed to the insufficient and innutritious food upon which the parents have lived, added to their half vegetative mode of existence—without energy, without excitement, almost without purpose.

In the second class of idiots—those whose brute propensities are completely and strongly developed, while their moral sentiments and intellects are weak—there is something, though little, which renders them susceptible to remedial treatment. Their passions are easily roused, and they readily fall under the power of external excitement. Hence they slightly profit by the instruction which is given them, but only in proportion to their small amount of natural intelligence. The third order of idiots approach more nearly to ordinary mankind, though deprived of some of the superior faculties, such as comparison and causality. Their wandering sensations, their vague sentiments, their indeterminate desires, the irregular succession of their ideas, the facility with which they become excited, their broken sentences, whether in substantives or verbs, when they labour under strong emotions—all prove the necessity of giving them a special education, for they have invariably some glimmer of intellect which enables them to receive instruction. Of the means Dr Voisin employs to awaken such faculties as enable them to learn music, vocal and instrumental, I have already spoken. The school at the Bicêtre presents likewise a variety of adaptations for the imperfect mind. Objects are exhibited; colours are shown in connexion with the words by which they are indicated; figures and drawings are in a similar way represented; and much is done by mere play and amusement. A principal object is to lead to an association of ideas between sounds (words) and the things, actions, and qualities which these sounds express. For example, in order to teach the meaning of a thing being green, a green card is shown, and the word for green sounded till caught up by dint of repetition; the next step is to connect this word with a green plant or a green field, and if this be done successfully, the child has thereby learned to know the meaning of the term. Here is association of ideas. A step has been made in mental evolution. In this way, and by the exercise of untiring patience and kindness, an impression is made on the originally idiotic or vague faculties of the child, who is taught to do certain things with more or less propriety, to express his wants and feelings in language, and to be altogether a more social and manageable being. Dr Voisin's operations have not been carried on a sufficient length of time to enable me to present anything like a complete view of them. His schools are still in their infancy, and all that can be said is, that he is visibly improving the capacities of his more tractable pupils; and when we remember what surprising alleviations are now effected in the condition of the cretins of Switzerland by means analogous to those described,* we have reason to hope

* De l'Idiotie chez les Enfants, &c., par Félix Voisin, Médecin en Chef de l'Hospice des Aliénés de Bicêtre, Membre de la Légion d'Honneur, &c. (On Idiosyncrasy among Children, &c., by Félix Voisin, Principal Physician to the Hospital for the Insane at Bicêtre). The substance of this treatise was read before the Royal Medical Academy of Paris on the 24th January 1843.

* See Journal, No. 506.

that Dr Voisin's enthusiastic measures will not be altogether fruitless.

Such is a mere outline of the consideration in which idiots are held, and the remedies applied to them in France. The attention of the General Council of the French Hospital having been invited to the subject by means of the writings and earnest intreaties of the physicians named in the beginning of this article, they advised with Dr Orfila as to the propriety of forming a separate hospital establishment for the reception of infant idiots. That eminent chemist and physiologist reported favourably of the plan, and at the beginning of the present year, a portion of the Bicêtre was granted to carry it out. The officers appointed were Dr Voisin as chief physician, assisted by his medical colleagues at the Bicêtre, an instructor, an intelligent deputy, and a sufficient number of assistants. The good results of the system upon those unhappy objects who obtained admission into the idiot department of the Bicêtre have been pointed out from personal observation in a former article. The work of ameliorating and of remedying juvenile idiocy has already begun in France. "Let us hope," remarks Dr Voisin, "that the example set by Paris will find imitators throughout Europe." I cordially echo the wish.

A TEXIAN SKETCH.

A FEW hundred yards from the last straggling wooden frame buildings which form the greater portion of the houses in the city of Galveston, republic of Texas, there is on the edge of the water a hard and level spot, which is continually chosen as the theatre of those wondrous shooting matches of which our transatlantic neighbours are so proud, and in which they so pre-eminently excel. The fictitious deeds of La Longue Carabine, and the better authenticated records of Colonel Crockett's feats with his "old Betsy," are on such occasions often equalled; and my curiosity always excited on this subject, I could not refuse one evening in May last to be present at an exhibition of this nature which had been announced. The prize for the best shot was an American rifle, very handsome and expensive, and the admission fee paid by the aspirants was fifty cents.

The spot selected was close to a grog shop—a house by far too much patronised by all good Texans. The evening was delicious, not the slightest breath of wind was stirring, and the moon, which was just about to set, revealed a striking and animated scene. The competitors for the prize were chiefly hunters, who had flocked "down country" for the purpose; each man had his rifle, the greater number a 'coon skin bag, from which was suspended a large knife, and a charge or measure for powder hollowed out of an alligator's tooth—a favourite article with all your true backwoodsmen. Their dress was chiefly formed from buckskin, fashioned by their own rude hands. In company with the crowds of lookers on, they dispersed themselves in different groups about the place, some lying down, others standing, and indulging, for the most part, in the same topic of conversation. A plain deal board, with a white spot about the size of a crown piece, surrounded by alternate circles of white and black, stood up at some distance: this was the mark. Impatient for the work to commence, I made a remark to that effect to a bystander. He pointed to the moon, which had almost disappeared, and remarked that they but waited for the darkness to begin; he further added, that the occurrence of the slightest breeze would occasion the postponement of the match.

A few minutes elapsed, and not a ray of Luna's borrowed light was to be seen. Instantly all was life and animation. Candles were called for, and it appeared that the business of the evening was about to commence. The distance decided on was sixty yards. I pressed near to the hunters, and gazed with unfeigned curiosity upon the event. Two wax candles were now placed in such a position as to throw a clear light upon the target, while two more were held near the sight of each rifle. It was the first time I had seen so curious an exhibition, and I was infinitely interested. The competitors in the match were twenty-six, and several who made the first essay were successful only in part, hitting one of the outer circles. Presently two hunters stepped forward, a Virginian and a young Georgian, both leather-stockings, who from childhood had been accustomed to use the rifle. The Virginian was of that huge and ponderous make which strikes more from the bulk than the proportion, while the young Georgian, tall, thin, and wiry—a thing of bone and muscle—had yet that tender, almost feminine appearance peculiar to his countrymen. The Virginian fired, and planted his ball in the very centre of the target; the living lane of spectators, which extended not more than four feet wide to the very target, was loud in its applause.

"Bill will do as much, I reckon," said the young Georgian, advancing with his gun on his shoulder, which was carelessly thrown off, and discharged the moment it became horizontal. The welkin rang with loud applause as it was announced that the Virginian's ball had been flattened. Various other competitors came forward; but after considerable waste of powder, it was decided that the affair rested entirely between the two hunters. The wooden target was now cleared away, and preparations made to decide between the relative skill of the Georgian and Virginian

by other means. At a distance of sixty-five yards, a candle was put up, and the hunters were to satisfy the owner of the rifle as to which of them he should assign it, by snuffing the light presented to them, without in the most trifling manner grazing the wax with their balls. The Virginian made the first trial, put the light out, but carried away the candle. Another candle being set up, the Georgian stepped forward, took careful and deliberate aim, and fired; the candle was snuffed, while the wax remained untouched. Bill, the Georgian hunter, was accordingly proclaimed the victor.

"I reckon he's a smart shot that," observed a bystander; "and I guess the Ingins don't like him. When Bill stole a mate from the Waco's, that ere shooting iron did him lively service, I calculate."

My curiosity being excited, I contrived to get into conversation with Bill; and finding he did not intend remaining in town, but to proceed at once to his crib, as he called it, I proposed he should pass with me on board the Archer, obtain a supply of powder, ball, and percussion caps, and then I would be ready to accompany him. It happened, however, that Bill had a few lines to me from a certain Dr Worcester, requesting that I would replenish his horn and 'coon skin bag, and accordingly the meeting was opportune on both sides. Escaping from the noisy clamours of the crowd, who were too intent on their indulgences to notice the disappearance of Bill, we sought the shore, where I found a small, neat, and elegant Indian canoe, into which we stepped. The craft had with us both almost its load, as its frail gunwale was not three inches out of water. Bill sat in the stern, I in the centre. Much caution is required in navigating these boats, as any unusual inclination on one side would be sure to capsize them. We reached, however, the brig Archer in safety. I took my rifle, and gave Bill his powder and shot; and we once more started in the direction of Deer Island, eight miles down between the mainland and the island of Galveston. Nothing could have been more picturesque. The night was dark, and we kept close inshore, to be guided by the different landmarks which were familiar to the hunter's eye; my companion, however, occupied the greater part of my attention as he sat upright in the sternsheets, using his single paddle now on one side now upon another with singular dexterity. I very shortly drew the conversation to the topic which interested me, namely, his stealing away the Waco's girl; and, in the most frank and unhesitating manner, he told his story, which I shall relate for the benefit of my readers, only premising that I am compelled to abandon his own rich jargon, which was so interlarded with quaint Yankee phrases as to be unintelligible to all save the initiated.

"I was hunting up country some eighteen months ago—to begin at the beginning—and one night, tired and maybe lazy, wandered into the village of the Waco Indians, which you say you have seen on Dick's Creek. I was well received, had a spare tent assigned me, smoked the pipe with them, and passed the night in telling of hunting scrapes or in hearing them, I didn't care much which. Well, that night passed, and the next, and the third evening came, and still I didn't go, which was a very unusual waste of time on my part, who never before missed a day's hunting, excepting it were for a frolic, or that I was sick. But there was no frolic here, and I wasn't sick. No; it wasn't that at all. But on the morning after my arrival, I strolled rather early into the sweet potato field behind the village, and there found a young Indian girl at work. Well, I had seen many and many an Indian girl before, but none like this one. She was beautiful beyond all description, and not more than eighteen; and when I spoke a few words to her, my heart went pit-a-pat, just for all the world like the tail of an old 'possum wagging about. A week went by, and still I wasn't gone. Somehow or other I couldn't get away, and every morning found me in the field behind the village, until I thought the Indians would spoil my beauty by taking my scalp. Well, one morning I plucked up courage, and tells the girl plump and plain I wanted to have a long talk with her that evening in a place I mentioned, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The young Waco looked up, opened her large round eyes, and seemed to read my very soul. I suppose she liked the picture, for she hung down her head, blushed slightly, and said, 'White man, your sister will be there!'

I don't know what I said in reply, but I soon walked away; and entering the village, shouldered my rifle, bade adieu to the warriors, and was soon lost in the woods. How I spent that day I won't tire you by telling, but it aint in reason to think I spent it without use; and about nightfall I found myself seated on an old log, which gave a full view of the creek at a distance of a hundred yards, and was particularly well fitted for the occasion for which I had chosen it. I knew the spot well, because it was close to a spring, and that's why I was sure the young Waco girl would be able to find it out. At the time agreed on she stood before me, and asked in a somewhat sad and plaintive tone what her white brother had to say. Now, do you see, I felt a little skeary-like; somehow or other I thought I would have rather faced a panther just then, but, plucking up courage, I told her my wigwam was empty, that I was very anxious to find a mate; that, white or Indian, I had never seen one who took my fancy like she had done, and concluded, after a speech as long as Sam Houston's last message

to congress, by telling I would take her away at once if she were willing, and marry her according to our customs. The Indian girl heard me in silence, standing upright before me; she would not sit down, and at length said, 'Yonder green leaf will not be yellow ere my Reed-that-bends will claim his bride. And shall I leave him for one of the pale faces?'

Here was just what I wanted, a little opposition; and she had no sooner spoken than, seizing her hand, I forced her to sit beside me, and poured out a stream of soft sawder which human nature couldn't stand. I told her all I would do for her; I did not hesitate to say I was as good a hunter as four Bending-reeds, promised her 'coon skins, squirrels' fur, and everything else in abundance to line her cabin, and finally drew a most lively picture of my sorrow if she refused to be mine. I don't think Gen'l Jackson or Martin Van Buren ever came up to me in speechifying, and at last she said, 'I believe the son of the pale faces; your sister will go.'

I won't tell all I thought just then. Perhaps you'll say it was ungrateful in me trying to take away a beloved daughter. But remember the drudging heathenish fate of these Indian women, and bear in mind that true love don't calculate very nicely. My chief feeling at the time was how we should both get clear off to the white man's country. Plucking up courage, I told my bride she should never have occasion to repent her choice, but to rise and follow me, and I would conduct her to my wigwam, out of reach of her relatives, who would certainly take my scalp if they could for stealing away the chosen mate of Reed-that-bends. My wife, for I will call her so, hesitated a moment; a sort of sad and mournful moan escaped her; perhaps she thought of her old father and mother, and she was right; it was, however, but for an instant, after which she rose and followed me. Moored to a hickory-tree was a pretty good sized boat, which I had borrowed for the occasion, and into this we stepped. She sat down aft, I took the oars, and it was a caution how I pulled! I ploughed up the water a trifle, I believe I did; making for the mouth of the river, whence I mean't to cross the bay. The boat was mighty heavy for one man, but then, when out of the wood, I could sail. About an hour passed, and the quick and measured sweep of many an oar told me we were pursued. I expected it. The young Waco pricked up her ears like a doe that smells powder, and taking her seat on one of the thwarts, soon whisked the old cutter along half as quick again as it went before. I didn't think I ever saw her look so beautiful before or since as she did then; certain I am, I felt I could lose my life for her. Still, however, the canoe behind us was coming up, and presently, just as we were about to turn a corner after pulling through a long reach, I saw it, with a power of red skins, paddling and whooping with all their might. Very soon, however, we came upon the open prairie; no trees kept off the wind which blew in our rear, and pretty stiffly too, and when my three sails of light duck were hoisted, it was just about as much as she could carry. She walked along then in beautiful style, I steering her with every caution, and my bride managing the foresheet and jibsheet, as the winding of the river compelled me sometimes to scud, sometimes to haul up close on a wind, then to jib, and so on. Still the varmint were coming up close behind us, almost within two gun-shot, and I saw that matters were coming to a sort of a finish, which made me look at my percussion caps, when suddenly I came upon young Jim Rock, looking out for ducks along the creek. To jam my boat in among a lot of reeds, to take Jim on board and start again was the work of half a minute. You know Jim, sir! he's a mighty smart young hunter."

I expressed my assent, and he continued.

"Well, in less than no time, young Rock understood how it was, and vowed if it came to a light squeeze he'd help me through, as far as a friendly shot or so would help me; and away we flew, the wind increasing a trifle as we neared the bay. But reef I wouldn't; Jim standing by the foresheets, I holding on to the mainsheet and tiller, and Oneida, that was her name, sitting motionless in the bottom of the boat."

'Reed-that-bends,' said she at length, 'has taken many white man scalps; he is behind; the pale face must hasten, or his blood will tinge the water.'

Oneida was right. We were now in a long reach, which promised a steady course; belaying, therefore, the sheets to their several cleats, and giving the helm to the young Waco, I and Rock prepared our rifles, though I was not without a hope of being spared a conflict with my future kinsmen. Presently the crack of several rifles, followed by the whizzing of balls around us, told that the Indians were determined to do their best, and we accordingly peppered away. I contrived to hit one of the paddlers, thus lessening the rapidity of the progress of the canoe. We were now near Edward's Bay, and presently entering it, the wind was almost too much for us, but I cracked on, and presently had the pleasure of rounding Edward's Point, outside of which I found Dr Worcester, his man Steven, and two others, fishing under shelter of the promontory. Young Rock joined them, they all promising to keep the Indians from following us. It was a beautiful moonlight night, almost as light as day, and by morning I got down to Galveston, where that very day I went before the mayor, paid my two dollars, and was married in due form. So here is Deer Island, and you shall tell me if I did wrong."

Deer Island is a small flat spot, remarkable only for

the very high state of cultivation into which it has been brought by a Mr Williams, assisted by Bill, who dwelt there in a little humble log-hut; ample, however, in its dimensions, if we consider the wants of the owners. On visiting this, I was introduced to Onida, a grave but happy-looking damsel, with dark oval features, lighted up by a remarkable expression of intelligence, and engaged in the pleasing duty of nursing a child some six months old. Though not talkative, I found her sensible in her remarks, speaking English very fluently for an Indian, and proud beyond all description of her husband, on whom she appeared to gaze as a species of deity. The night was very far advanced ere we separated, and I shall always remember with pleasure the hours I spent in the society of this happy couple. Next morning, after a few hours' hunting, Bill paddled me on board the good brig Archer, and then returned to his log-hut and wife.

WHEAT FOUND IN A MUMMY.

THE following paragraph lately appeared in most of the newspapers:—"WHEAT THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD. Four years ago, a friend of the Earl of Haddington having occasion to unroll an Egyptian mummy, was surprised to find a few grains of wheat inclosed along with the body; and having made a present to his lordship's countess of four seeds, it was sent to his lordship's magnificent seat of Tynningham, in East Lothian, and sown in a favourable spot in the kitchen-garden, on the first of November of last year. Through the kindness of his lordship's gardener, Mr Ford, we have been favoured with a sight of the produce of these highly interesting seeds; and as a rather imperfect account of them has appeared in a contemporary, we venture to lay before our readers the following brief description of them:—"Altogether there may be nearly a hundred stalks, ranging in length from nearly five to upwards of six feet. The leaves are broader than usual, and fully an average as to length. The grain is in two rows of triplets, and one or two that we counted contained twenty triplets on a side, or forty on the ear. The ear carries a few barbs or awns on the upper end, and is open and distant between the grains. It flowered nearly a fortnight before any of the varieties sown at the same period in the neighbouring fields. A few grains of the modern Egyptian wheat were sown along with it, and certainly no two articles can be more entirely dissimilar. The modern is dwarf—not more than four feet high—closely set, and barbed in every part of the ear, and its general resemblance to its ancient progenitor is not greater than that of barley to wheat."

This curious circumstance is by no means unprecedented. Seeds have on several former occasions been obtained from the cases of Egyptian mummies, and have in all instances, when sown, been productive. In at least one instance the seeds were found in the interior of the body of the mummy, and nevertheless germinated. Some circumstances not greatly dissimilar are recorded. About sixty years ago, in digging up a part of the wall of Antoninus, which extended between the Forth and Clyde, some wheat was found in a small recess, quite sound, excepting that it was slightly calcined on the exterior. This grain, of which the present writer once possessed a small quantity, could not be less than fifteen hundred years old. About the same time, on the discovery of a Roman bath at Inveresk, where there was a *colonia* or town of the conquerors of the world, a jar of wine was found, perhaps the Falernian so much celebrated by Horace, but converted by time into a viscid substance, though still possessed of a luscious sweetness. We grieve to say that the magistrates of the "honest town" got it down to their hall, and inconsiderately consumed the whole of it that night in the form of negus. A few years ago some raspberry seeds were taken from a body found in an ancient British tumulus, near Dorchester, thirty feet beneath the surface, and which, from the coins of Hadrian accompanying it, was supposed to have reposed there for sixteen hundred years. These seeds were sown in the garden of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, where we have seen the new plants which sprang from them. It has also been stated that some cummin, found in tombs in the south of France contemporaneous with Marcus Aurelius and Claudius, germinated on being sown. And an onion, found in the hand of a mummy, and therefore presumably from two to three thousand years old, was as ready to vegetate as the wheat above mentioned.

Wonderful as these instances are, they by no means show the utmost persistency of seeds in retaining their vitality. Wherever earth is brought to the surface from a considerable depth, new plants grow upon it, the produce, it may be presumed, of seeds probably dormant there for ages. Of this phenomenon one or two unusually striking instances may be adduced. "To the westward of Stirling there is a large peat-bog, a great part of which has been flooded away by raising water from the river Teith, and discharging it into the Forth, the under soil of clay being then cultivated. The clergyman of the parish, standing by while the workmen were forming a ditch in this clay, which had been covered with fourteen feet of peat-earth, saw some seeds in the clay which was thrown out of the ditch: he took some of them up, and sowed them; they germinated, and produced a crop of *Chryss-*

themum septem. What a series of years," remarks the narrator of the circumstance, "must have elapsed while the seeds were getting their covering of clay, and while this clay became buried under fourteen feet of peat-earth!"* Some negative evidence on this point is, we believe, to be found in the fact that Roman utensils have been found in the bog at that place, indicating that the clay surface has not been exposed since the time when that people occupied our country—say sixteen hundred years—however much more! The instance which follows is in some respects still more curious, while it undoubtedly speaks to a much longer lapse of time. "About twenty-five or thirty years ago," writes Judge Tuckerman of Boston to Dr Carpenter of Bristol, "Judge Thatcher, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, told me that he knew the fact, that in a town on the Penobscot river, in the state of Maine, and about forty miles from the sea, some well-diggers, when sinking a well, struck, at the depth of about twenty feet, a stratum of sand, which strongly excited curiosity and interest from the circumstance that no similar sand was to be found anywhere in the neighbourhood, and that none like it was nearer than the sea-beach. As it was drawn up from the well, it was placed in a pile by itself, an unwillingness having been felt to mix it with the stones and gravel which were also drawn up. But when the work was about to be finished, and the pile of stones and gravel to be removed, it was found necessary to remove also the sand-heap. This therefore was scattered about the spot on which it had been formed, and was for some time scarcely remembered. In a year or two, however, it was perceived that a large number of small trees had sprung up from the ground over which the heap of sand had been strewn. These trees became in their turn objects of strong interest, and care was taken that no injury should come to them. At length it was ascertained that they were Beach-Plum trees; and they actually bore the beach-plum, which had never before been seen except immediately on the sea-shore. These trees had therefore sprung up from seeds which had been in the stratum of sand, which had been pierced by the well-diggers. By what convulsion of the elements they had been thrown there, or how long they had quietly slept beneath the surface of the earth, must be determined by those who know very much more than I do."† A very little knowledge of geology is sufficient to throw some light on the history of these seeds. The sand in which they were found was probably one of the superficial strata, which, though recent compared with others, are old with regard to our chronology. The seeds had probably grown on a coast near the sea which laid down the sand, and thus were placed in a tomb which was destined to preserve them for numberless ages.

Seeds are also known to preserve the germinating power, and plants are known to flourish, in circumstances which all analogy would show to be calculated to destroy them. A lake dries up, and immediately a crop of plants springs from seeds long kept dormant in the mud at the bottom. What is called red snow consists of a cryptogamic plant, which of course resists the effects of a temperature below the freezing point. The *Ulva thermalis* luxuriates in springs on the verge of the ebullition of water, and the *vitis agnus castus* will grow with its roots sustained in hot water. The roots of ginger that had been previously scalded burst into vegetation on the voyage to England. A *clara* was found in the boiling springs and steam of the Geysers of Iceland not only in flower, but perfecting its seeds. Kidney beans, after being exposed to the parching heat of an oven, grow well enough, and even malted barley has been known to germinate. In one instance, the seeds of elder berries, after being boiled, produced elder trees that are still growing, and seeds from strawberry jam have produced plants and fruit. Sir John Herschel discovered that the seeds of the *acacia-trophanta* grew very well after being steeped for twelve hours in water at 140 degrees Fahrenheit; and Ludwig found that those of a kind of cedar did not germinate until they had been first thoroughly boiled. In the island of Tanna, Foster found the soil within the precincts of the volcano, though "burning hot," carpeted with flowers. In the Ozark mountains in North America, there is a chain of about seventy hot springs, some of them having a temperature as high as 148 to 151 degrees, yet containing coniferæ and other vegetables. The coniferæ have been found in other instances in water little less hot. A plant of *phormium tenax* (the celebrated New Zealand flax), in one of the conservatories of the *Jardin des Plantes*, was, in consequence of an extensive conflagration, apparently reduced to a mass of charcoal; yet, like a vegetable phoenix, a new plant arose from its ashes, and now lives. An elder near Matlock was cut down and placed under a stack, where, after remaining some time, it was reduced to charcoal over a great part of its surface, in consequence of a fire which seized the grain placed above it. It then became a gate-post, and in this situation budded, and soon was a thriving tree once more. But even in the craters of Etna, amid sulphury vapour, and a temperature of 100 degrees, certain plants have been seen flourishing.

There is a similar tenacity of life in certain of the

humbler animals. It is affirmed that living insects have been found within the bodies of Egyptian mummies; and the statement may be received with little hesitation, when we know that, on the opening of the stone coffin of King John in Worcester cathedral, larvae were discovered in the body, with one of which an angler baited his hook and caught a fish. The skull of the patriot Hampden, on his grave being opened a few years ago, was also full of larvae. Bomare found that eggs, after having remained hermetically excluded from air in a wall for three hundred years, were quite fresh. The roe of fishes has been thoroughly dried and preserved for a considerable time; yet, when cast into water, it has become pregnant with life. The eggs of the slug, when dried by the rays of the sun or by artificial heat, shrivel up to minute points, only distinguishable by the microscope; yet, if they be moistened by a shower of rain, or put into water, they are restored to their former plumpness, and do not lose their fertility. It has been found that, after being treated eight times in this manner, the eggs were hatched. The *anadonta rubens*, an aquatic molluscosus animal, will live eight months after the water is dried up, and even when constantly exposed to the rays of a vertical sun. These singular facts explain the sudden appearance of the fry of fish, &c., in pools and other collections of water, that have been long dried up, as soon as the reservoirs are replenished by rain. The silk has been reeled off the cocoon of the silk-worm in boiling water without killing the pupa within. The larvae of the *musca chameleon* sports through the hot springs of the Bains de la Lèche, and perishes in water at a lower temperature.* Humboldt relates an anecdote of a hovel having been by chance found over a spot where a young crocodile reposed in suspended animation, in the hardened mud. And he mentions that the Indians often find enormous bones in the same lethargic state, which revive when irritated, or wetted with water. Again, the opposite extreme of a temperature below the freezing point is insufficient to injure some animals. From October to April the snail remains in a lethargic state, buried in the earth, with its shell hermetically sealed up by a calcareous membrane. In some very severe winters, as that of 1795, it has been found completely frozen, and yet has revived on being exposed to a mild temperature.† During Sir John Ross's voyage, thirty larvae of the moth named *Larva Rossii* were put into a box and exposed to the winter temperature for three months; on being brought into the cabin, every one of them returned to life, and walked about. They were again exposed to a temperature of 40 degrees below zero, and instantly became re-frozen: after a week, they were again brought into the cabin, when twenty-three returned to life. It is also fully proved that adders frozen so as to be brittle, bees which on the slightest pressure would crumble to dust, fishes enclosed in masses of ice (as was the case with some taken by Sir John Franklin from the Coppermine river), all revive on being gradually thawed. Spallanzani kept frogs, salamanders, and snakes, in an ice-house for three years and a half, and they readily returned to life when exposed to the influence of a warm atmosphere. On this subject the following extract from the Bibliothèque Universelle (1840) seems authoritative:—"In the winter of 1828-9 in Ireland, Gamiard found that toads could be completely frozen, so that ice lay in small pieces between their muscles, their bodies became quite hard, stiff, and motionless, broke easily, and without any effusion of blood, so that, in short, every trace of life disappeared, and yet in ten or twelve minutes they could be revived by immersing them in very slightly warmed water. If they were too quickly frozen they did not revive." When we find such to be the case, the incredulity which has been shown with regard to the many reported instances of toads found possessed of life in sandstone strata, where they must have been entombed for ages, appears to rest on no good foundation. Some of these instances have been well authenticated; and there is no difficulty in supposing that, if life will continue three and a half years in a frozen animal, it may last indefinitely. Probably the toad was dormant or frozen when enclosed, and, being excluded from the atmosphere, the prolongation of its life might be simply owing to the impossibility of any reviving influence ever reaching it; so that, in fact, there was no necessary end to its existence in such circumstances. The hardy vitality of these creatures, and the others mentioned above, is obviously connected with that languor of the circulation which makes their respiration so slow. St Hilaire, a first-rate authority on such subjects, thinks there may exist, for such creatures, "a state of neutrality intermediate between life and death—a state into which certain animals are plunged, in consequence of the stoppage of respiration, when it takes place under certain circumstances."‡ The want of food is obviously a consideration of not the least moment, when there is a complete suspension of that process of waste which food is required to supply. With regard to the preservation of vitality in seeds, nothing is required for it but a continuation of the organic character of the seed. The suspension of vital action

* A number of the above instances are gathered from a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Vital Principle. By John Murray, F.S.A., F.L.S." &c. 1838.

† Edinburgh Review, v. 365.

‡ See an article in the Journal, No. 369, on "Animals Preserved in Timber and Stone."

* Pritchard's Researches in the Physical History of Man, third edition, l. 30.

† Carpenter's General and Comparative Physiology, p. 157, note.

in them depends, says Dr Carpenter, "on their not being submitted to any of the agents which would call them into activity, or which would tend to disintegrate their structure."

ANECDOTE OF THE FLOGGING TIMES.

THE master of the grammar-school of a burgh in the central district of Scotland, about seventy years ago, was a worthy Trojan of the name of Hacket, a complete specimen of the thrashing pedagogues of the last age. Modern ears would scarcely credit the traditional stories which are told of this man's severity, or believe that such merciless punishments could have been allowed to take place in a country so far civilised as ours then was. Heavy and repeated applications of a striped thong called the *taw* to the open hands of delinquents were matters of familiar occurrence. Skulks, as these were called, were nothing. But Hacket would also, twenty times a-day, lay victims across the end of a table, and thrash as long as he could hold with the one hand and *lay on* with the other. Horsing was one of his highest indulgences or luxuries, and he had an ingenious mode of torture peculiar to himself, by causing the boy to stride between two distant boards while he endeavoured to excite the thinking faculties by bringing a force to bear from behind. Thomas Lord Erskine and his brother Henry were brought up at this school, and remembered Hacket's severity through life, complaining particularly that it was all one whether you were a dull or a bright boy, for if the former, you were thrashed for your own proper demerits, and if you were bright, you had a monitorial charge assigned to you over the rest, and suffered for all the shortcomings of your inferiors. We wonder at all this now; but the wonder is very superfluous. The whole system was based on a prevalent notion that severity to children was salutary and beneficial, nay, indispensable, and that, if you at all loved your son or your pupil, it was your first and most solemn duty towards him to give him a sound strapping on all possible occasions. Flogging was simply one of the bigotries of our grandfathers.

Amongst Hacket's pupils was a boy who had come from a distance, and was boarded with a family in the town. His name for the present is Anderson. This youth, placed far from his friends, felt the ruthless severity of Hacket very bitterly, and, as he was by no means a genius, he was both well strapped himself, and probably the cause of much strapping in others. Naturally of a reserved and reflecting character, he said little of his sufferings to any of his companions; but the stripes sunk into his very soul, and, secretly writhing under a sense of the injustice and indignity with which he was treated, he conceived the most deadly sentiments of revenge against his master. To get these wreaked out in present circumstances was impossible; but he determined to take the first opportunity that occurred, and in the mean time to nurse his wrath, so that time should not interfere in favour of a tyrant, who seemed to him to deserve the utmost vengeance that could be inflicted.

Anderson, like so many other Scottish youth, was draughted off at an early age to India, where he served for twenty-five years, during which he never once was able to revisit his native shores. Having now attained a competency, and settled his affairs, he returned to Scotland, in order to spend there the remainder of his life. It will scarcely be believed that he still cherished his scheme of vengeance against Hacket; but the fact is that he did so, and this indeed is what gives any value to the anecdote we are relating—it is curious only as a genuine instance of a feeling persevered in much beyond the term usually assigned to human feelings. He came home—he purchased a short but effective whip—he journeyed to the town where he had been educated, and, establishing himself in the inn, sent a polite message to Hacket (who was still in the vigour of life, though retired from active duty), inviting him to dine that afternoon with a gentleman who had once been his pupil. All seemed now in train for a retributory visitation upon the epiderm of the old gentleman; and the reader may be trembling for the consequences of a revenge so much beyond the limit of all common resentments.

Old Hacket dressed himself that day in his best—ruffles at the wrists, and silver buckles in his shoes—expecting, from the appearance of the man-servant who delivered the message, an entertainment of a *recherché* kind from one who, no doubt, felt a difficulty in expressing his gratitude for the unspeakable benefits of a sound flagellatory education. He was ushered into a room where he saw a table prepared for dinner. A gentleman presently entered, and, to his surprise, turned and deliberately locked the door, putting the key into his pocket. Then, taking down a whip from the mantel-piece, this gentleman came sternly up to the venerable schoolmaster, and asked if he had any recollection of him. "No," said the teacher. "Then, sir, I shall insure that you remember me for ever after. Do you recollect a boy at your school twenty-five years ago, of the name of Walter Anderson?" "I dare say I do." "Then, sir, I am that Walter Anderson. I have now come to punish you for the many unmerited thrashings which you gave me at school. They were savage, sir, and only something of the same kind can expiate them. All the time I was in India, I never allowed this design to lie dor-

mant for a moment, and now the time for its execution is come. Strip, sir, this moment, and let me do full justice upon you. Resistance is altogether in vain, for the people here are all in my pay. Entreaty is equally vain, for nothing on earth could induce me to let you escape."

Hacket, it may well be believed, was in a dreadful panic, for he saw that he was in the hands of a man not to be trifled with. He was, however, shrewd in human nature, and possessed plenty of presence of mind. "Well, well," said he, "this is a bad business; but I suppose it is true that I was rather severe long ago with my boys, and so I must just submit. I see, however, that preparations have been made for dinner, and as I believe you to be a gentleman, I cannot suppose that you invited me here to that meal without intending to give it me. Now, if it is the same thing to you, I should much prefer having dinner first, and the licking afterwards. Come, shall it not be so?"

The man of vengeance was taken by surprise, and assented, though inwardly resolving that nothing should in the long-run baulk him of his purpose. They sat down, and the dinner and wine proved excellent. Hacket began to talk of old times, and of other boys who had been fellow-pupils with his host; also of many sports and frolics in which Anderson amongst others had indulged. He told what he had learned of the subsequent fortunes of many of these youths, and gradually engaged Anderson into a relation of his own history. The whole bearing of the old man was so cheerful, so sympathising, and so entertaining, that Anderson, like the gloomy sultan, felt himself gradually dispossessed of the spirit which had so long animated him. It became evidently an absurdity to think of lashing a neatly-dressed old gentleman who seemed to be the very pink of good humour. Once or twice he spasmodically endeavoured to re-awaken the flagging emotions of destructiveness, but it would not do—another droll chatty story from the pedagogue stilled them down again at once. By and by he gave way entirely to the spirit of the hour, and ceased to think of his whip or its intended performances.

Hacket got home that night in perfect safety, for Mr Anderson insisted upon escorting him to his own door.

OLD ENGLISH FAMILIES.

THE CLIFFORDS.

THE "stout Lord Cliffords," whose wild adventures occupy so conspicuous a place in English history, were descended from the dukes of Normandy, and took their English appellation from their castle in the county of Hereford. A romantic celebrity had already been given to the family by the story of "Fair Rosamond," who was the eldest daughter of Roger de Clifford, the first of the family who gained a footing in the north, by inheriting the lands and castle of Brougham, near Penrith, in Cumberland. To the latter he made extensive additions, placing over the inner gateway the somewhat ambiguous inscription, "This made Roger," and which may still be deciphered. He was slain in the Welsh wars. His son and successor, Robert, was said to have been "the greatest man of all the family, being of a most martial and heroic spirit." He was one of the guardians of Edward II. when a minor, in whose reign he was made lord high admiral. He distinguished himself in the wars which the English monarch carried on for the subjugation of Scotland, and was rewarded by grants out of the possessions of the Maxwells and Douglasses. But he went upon his neighbour's land once too often, and was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, June 24, 1314. It is related of Robert by one of his successors, that when Edward Baliol was driven from Scotland, the exiled monarch was "right honourably received by him in Westmoreland, and entertained in his castles of Brougham, Appleby, and Pendragon," in acknowledgment for which hospitality, Baliol, if he might at any time recover the kingdom of Scotland out of his adversaries' hands, made him a grant of Douglassdale. The famous Hart's Horn tree in Whinfield Park, well known in tradition and in hunters' tales, owes its celebrity to this visit. The horns were nailed to the tree in honour of the royal guest, who had seen the animal killed there; and there they remained more than three centuries, "growing, as it were, naturally into the tree," till in the year 1648, one of the branches was broken off by some of the army; and ten years afterwards the remainder was secretly taken down by some mischievous people in the night. "So now," says Lady Anne Clifford in her diary, "there is no part thereof remaining, the tree itself being so decayed, and the bark of it so peeled off, that it cannot last long; whereby we may see time brings to forgetfulness many memorable things in this world, be they ever so carefully preserved; for this tree, with the hart's horn in it, was a thing of much note in these parts."

Roger, the fifth lord, who is recorded to have been "one of the wisest and gallantest of the Cliffords," was engaged in the French and Scottish wars of Ed-

ward III. He was the longest possessor of the family estates of any before him or after him till the Shepherd Lord, and it was his fortune to be the first Lord Clifford of Westmoreland who lived to be a grandfather. His son Thomas was one of Richard II.'s dissolute favourites, and on being banished from the court by authority of parliament, he joined the crusade, and was slain, leaving an infant son; that son, who deserved and enjoyed the favour of Henry V., married the only daughter of the famous Hotspur. The latter fell in the flower of his age at the siege of Meux, in France, in the last year of Henry V., and was buried in Bolton Abbey. Thomas, the next Lord Clifford, gained renown at the battle of Poitiers, and did "brave service in the wars in France at the assault and taking of the strong town of Ponthoise, when and where he and his men were all clothed in white, by reason of the snow, and in that manner surprised the town. He also valiantly defended the same town against the assaults then and there given by the French king Charles VII." He was a powerful partisan of the Lancastrian family, and fell during the wars of the Roses at St Albans, May 22, 1455, fighting for that sovereign "in whose service the family was destined to perform and to suffer much." This Lord Clifford is the subject of some powerful lines in the second part of King Henry VI. Shakespeare has, however, fallen into a mistake, in representing him as having grown old in peace. He was far from having passed a peaceful youth.

"Wast thou ordained, dear father,
To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
The silver livery of advised age;
And in thy reverence and thy chair days thus
To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
My heart is turned to stone; and while 'tis mine
It shall be stony. York not our old men spares,
No more will I their babes; tears virginal
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
And beauty that the tyrant oft reclaims,
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity!"

The "younger Clifford," by whom this dreadful resolution is supposed to have been made, is stigmatised by Shakespeare and the old chroniclers as notorious for his cruelty, even in that merciless age. Leland says, "that for slaughter of men at Wakefield he was called the Boucher." After the battle, "Blackfaced Clifford," as he was termed, killed in the pursuit the youthful Earl of Rutland, son of the Duke of York, who also fell in the same engagement. For this barbarous deed, however, Shakespeare has given him a worse renown than he deserves; for Rutland was not a child, but a youth of nineteen, and Clifford himself was only twenty-six at the time of his death. He was slain in the small valley of Dittingdale the day before the battle of Towton. According to the traditional account of the family, his body was thrown into a pit with a promiscuous heap of the slain. His estates were forfeited and bestowed upon the "crookbacked" Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., according to the terms of the grant, "for the encouragement of piety and virtue in the said duke." It was the fate of Henry, the elder son of the ruthless Clifford, to pass through a romantic youth. A mere child of seven years when his father died, he sought and found a refuge among the simple dalesmen of Cumberland, where he lived as a shepherd during the space of twenty-four years. His mother, Margaret Baroness Vesey, was married to Sir Lancelot Threlkeld, who was, as the records of the family say, "a very kind and loving husband to her," helping her to conceal her two sons. The elder, during his shepherd life, is said to have acquired great astronomical knowledge, watching upon the mountains, like the Chaldeans of old, the stars by night; and in the archives of the Cliffords have been found manuscripts of this period, supposed to belong to the "Shepherd Lord," which make it more than probable that astrology and alchemy were also among the pursuits to which he was addicted. On the accession of Henry VII. he was restored to his ancestral honours and estates. He is described by his descendant, the Lady Anne Clifford, as "a plain man, who lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to court or to London, excepting when called to parliament, on which occasions he behaved himself like a wise and good English nobleman." His favourite retreat was Barden Tower; and his chosen companions the canons of Bolton, with whom he seems to have passed a great part of his life in the prosecution of the popular studies of the age. At the age of sixty, he went with a band of followers to the battle of Flodden Field, "and there showed," says Whitaker, "that the military genius of the family had neither been chilled in him by age nor extinguished by habits of peace." His four immediate progenitors all died in the field; but in the beautiful language of the poet—

"In him the savage virtue of the race,
Revenge and all ferocious thoughts were dead;
Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place
The wisdom which adversity had bred.
Glad were the vales and every cottage hearth,
The Shepherd Lord was honoured more and more;
And ages after he was laid in earth,
'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."*

* Wordsworth's "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors," one of the best specimens of lyric poetry in our language.

He survived the battle of Flodden ten years; and died April 23, 1523, aged about seventy. The old age of this good man was sorely disturbed by the vices and follies of a disobedient son, who besides—in the "good lord's" own words addressed to a privy councillor of that day—"otherwise vexing and disquieting the mind of his poor father to the shortening of my poor life, assembled a band of dissolute followers, harassed the religious houses, beat their tenants, and forced the inhabitants of whole villages to take sanctuary in their churches. He is said, however, to have been reclaimed in good time, and there is great reason to hope that his father lived to see the effects of his reformation."* He was created Earl of Cumberland, and had the address or good fortune to retain, till the end of his life, the favour of Henry VIII., whose youthful comrade he had been. During the alarming insurrection, caused by the plunder of the religious houses, he held out Skipton castle against Ake and his followers. As a reward for his loyalty and valour, he received a grant of the priory of Bolton, with all its lands and manors, and otherwise shared in the church's spoils. Of his son, the second earl, Lady Anne relates, that "he had a good library, and was studious of all manner of learning, and much given to alchemy." He married the Lady Ellinor Brandon, niece to Henry VIII., and daughter of Mary, the widow of Louis XII.; "a woman," says Hartley Coleridge, "to be held in everlasting honour, for she dared, in the sixteenth century, to unite herself to the man of her choice." Thus the Clifford family became closely united with the royal blood. Great matches are seldom so prudent as they appear. The expenses attending this lofty alliance were such as to compel the earl to alienate the oldest manor remaining in the family; but after the death of Lady Ellinor, he retired into the country, and by judicious management more than repaired the breach in his estates, in which laudable design he was assisted by his second wife, Anne, daughter of Lord Dacre, a very domestic woman, who was never at or near London in her life. In the interval between his marriages, he was seized with a sickness, which for a time suspended all appearances of animation, so that the physicians thought him dead. His body was stripped, laid out upon a table, and covered with a hearse-cloth of black velvet, when some of his attendants, by whom he was greatly beloved, perceived symptoms of returning life. He was put to bed, and by the use of warm applications, internal and external, gradually recovered. But for a month or more his only sustenance was woman's milk, which restored him completely to health, and he became a strong man.† He died just five days after he had concluded a match between his son George, then in his eleventh year, and the daughter of Francis Russel, second Earl of Bedford. The poor children, when they attained maturity, were obliged to stand by the impious and unnatural bargain. As might have been expected, the union was unhappy.

George, third Earl of Cumberland, was characterised by an unextinguishable passion for nautical adventure. He made eleven expeditions—chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly too at his own expense—to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. The voyages of this high-born sea-wanderer are full of extraordinary adventures and perils. In the memorable year of the Armada, he commanded a ship, and highly distinguished himself in the action fought off Calais. During his third voyage, undertaken in 1589, he dismantled Fayal in the Azores, and captured twenty-eight vessels of various sizes, valued at more than £20,000. These prizes, however, were dearly purchased, for not only was he wounded in several places, and scorched by an explosion of gunpowder, but he and his crews underwent the most dreadful sufferings by famine and thirst on their homeward voyage, almost within sight of Ireland. More perished by thirst than had fallen either by war or disease during the whole expedition.

The extraordinary man who saw, and did, and suffered so much, seems to have stood high in the good graces of Queen Elizabeth, who invested him with the garter, and appointed him her peculiar champion at all tournaments. He was a model of masculine comeliness, romantic in his valour, accomplished in all knightly exercises, splendid in his dress, and magnificent in his hospitality. Taking into account his great losses by sea, and the sums lavished upon his pleasures, it is no wonder that having "set out with a larger estate than any of his ancestors, in little more than twenty years he made it one of the least." He died at the Savoy, in London, in the forty-seventh year of his age, and was interred in the vault of Skipton castle. The last of this great race was his daughter, the celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She has left behind her a curious autobiography, containing many interesting details respecting her own life and the history of her family. Her tutor was "the well language" Daniel, the poet, who "doubtless laboured not in vain to inspire her with a love of poetry and a regard for poets, which she displayed in erecting or renewing the tomb of Spenser in Westminster Abbey." She was married at a very early age to Richard, third Earl of Dorset—a man of sense and spirit, but a licentious spendthrift. He

died in 1624, leaving two daughters, of whom the eldest married the Earl of Thanet, through whom the ancient possessions of the Cliffords in Westmoreland and Craven have descended. Lady Anne speaks gently of his memory, though his licentiousness and extravagance must have caused her much misery. He continually tormented her, to use her own words, "to make me sell my rights in the land of my ancient inheritance for a sum of money, which I never did nor ever would consent unto." This alludes to a protracted contest which she was forced to carry on with her uncle Francis, fourth Earl of Cumberland, who claimed the family estates as well as the title. King James took upon himself the settlement of this long difference between the male and female branches of the house of Clifford, and ordered the estates to be made over to the Earl of Cumberland, on payment of £20,000 to the Earl of Dorset, Lady Anne's husband. "To this award," says Sir Matthew Hale, "the two earls subscribed; but notwithstanding the potency of the Earl of Cumberland, the will of the king, and the impotency of a husband, the countess refused to submit to the award."

After six years of widowhood, she entered, at the mature age of forty-one, a second time into the marriage state, being wedded in 1630 to Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, and nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. "In her first widowhood," says her secretary and biographer, "she resolved, if God ordained a second marriage for her, never to have one that had children, and was a courtier, and curser, and swearer; and it was her fortune to light on one with all these qualifications in the extreme." It is difficult in any satisfactory manner to account for a wise and staid matron, not inexperienced in conjugal trials, and the mother of two children, throwing herself away upon one who has come down to posterity in the character of an ingrate, an ignoramus, a common swearer, and a coward. But so it is, says her latest and best biographer, "that men endowed with no other talent do sometimes possess extraordinary power over the best and wisest women, and not least over those whose youth is fled. As might have been expected, this new connexion was a source of much misery to the countess. The marble pillars of Wilton, the ancient seat of the Herberts, were, as she admits, to her oftentimes but the gay abours of anguish. Yet in her memoirs she speaks of the earl as a good wife should ever speak of a deceased husband, were it but for her own credit—just hints at his faults, and magnifies his merits. He died January 23, 1650, having just outlived the monarchy, and divesting himself of the rank which he disgraced, accepted a seat in the Hump parliament for Berkshire. The contemptuous hatred of the royalists broke out in keen and bitter satires after his death. One of these, entitled his "Last Will and Testament," &c., has been attributed to Samuel Butler.

Lady Anne, who for some years had been separated from her husband, now entered upon her second widowhood. The death of her uncle in 1641, and of his son Henry, fifth and last Earl of Cumberland, in 1643, without male issue, finally terminated the contest, which, during thirty-eight years, had been carried on for the Clifford estates; and the death of her husband left Lady Anne free and uncontrolled mistress of the inheritance of her ancestors. During the remainder of her life she resided almost wholly on her northern domains, where she "went about doing good," chiefly occupied in repairing the damages of war, of law, of neglect, and of waste. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the great civil war. She restored them all, and upon all set the emblazonment of the fact. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, had many good and great qualities, but also a very commensurate consciousness of them. She is said to have written the following letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., who had attempted to interfere with her rights of nomination in the borough of Appleby:—

"I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shan't stand."

ANNE DORSET PEMROKE & MONTGOMERY.
 "She patronised," says her historian, "the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her mature age. She enabled her servants to end their days in ease and independence. * * * Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged, an asylum for the persecuted, a college for the learned, and a pattern for all." As long as stone or marble can perpetuate the memory of the just, hers will continue in Westmoreland and in Craven. She died at Brougham castle, March 22, 1675, having attained the great age of eighty-seven. With her the noble race, whose high characteristics seem to have been united in herself, became extinct. Brougham castle—inhabited by so many generations of the family—is now in ruins, and its dilapidated condition can hardly be contemplated without indignation. A few years after the death of Lady Anne Clifford, her grandson, Earl of Thanet, barbarously demolished the old for-

treas, along with the castles of Brough and Pendragon, for the sake of the timber and materials, which he sold. "We will hope," says Wordsworth, "that when this order was issued, the earl had not consulted the text of Isaiah, 50th chapter, 12th verse, to which the inscription, placed over the gate at Pendragon castle by the countess at the time she repaired that structure, refers the reader. 'And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundation of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in.' The Earl of Thanet, the present proprietor of the estates, with a due respect for the memory of his ancestors, and a proper sense of the value and beauty of these remains of antiquity, has given orders that they shall be preserved from all depredations."

FEMALE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincoln—committed to the inquiry of Mr Denison—are distinguished from other districts of England, in consequence of their being more exclusively under tillage. The business of mixed husbandry—that is, the production of almost every variety of white and green crop—is carried to great perfection, involving a constant routine of manual labour, which the custom of the country consigns to women and children. As in the other counties formerly noticed, this occupation seems to have no bad effects upon health, except in the occasional production of colds and rheumatism. The employment of married females is deprecated as taking away their attention from domestic duties, thereby leaving their cottages and children in a neglected and filthy state—the former affording little comfort to the husband during his evenings, and the latter falling into rude and mischievous habits. Field-labour is also represented as interfering most ruinously with the education of the young, and as making them "coarse and impudent, loose and immoral in their language and conduct." But the crowning evil connected with agricultural employment in these counties is "The Gang System"—a method of working which took its origin at Castle Acre, in Norfolk, about twenty years ago, and now prevails in many contiguous parishes. It is thus described by Mr Denison:—"Suppose a farmer, in or near Castle Acre, wishes to have a particular piece of work done, which will demand a number of hands, he applies to a gang-master at Castle Acre, who contracts to do the work, and furnish the labourers. The bargain is made with the gang-master, and it is then his business to make his bargain with the labourers. He accordingly gets together as many hands as he thinks sufficient, and sends them in a gang to their place of work. If the work, as usually happens, be such that it can be done by women and children as well as men, the gang is in that case composed of persons of both sexes and of all ages. They work together, but are superintended by an overseer, whose business it is to see that they are steady to their work, and to check any bad language or conduct. The overseer usually goes with the gang to the place of work, and returns home with them when they leave off for the day." The system is said to be productive of the worst consequences, which will be readily admitted, when it is considered that the gangs are generally composed of the offscourings of the towns, yoked together without regard to age, sex, or character, and crowded in barns and out-houses at night when the distance compels them to lodge on the farm. There is a complete disavowment between the farmer and the labourer: the former has no interest either in the character or condition of the latter; the whole power, as well as responsibility, is delegated to an ignorant and grasping gangman, whose tyranny is all the more oppressive, that he is little if at all superior either in intellect or station to the labourer.

Such a practice as this has no necessity to justify, no single advantage to recommend, its continuance. The gang-master may find it a profitable affair, and to the farmer of 600 or 1000 acres it may prove an easier mode of getting his work performed than under the old plan of personal surveillance; but if the evidence can be trusted, it seems to be at once injurious to the interest and morals of the labourer. It subjects him, in the first place, to the truck-trading oppression of the gang-master, who not only screws down his wages to the lowest farthing, but supplies him with inferior articles at the highest price; while it subjects him to greater personal toil, and contaminates the morals of his children. It is not for us either to suggest or apply the remedy; but we feel assured that there is nothing in the agricultural peculiarities of this district which demands the maintenance of such a system. If landlords and tenants will denude their estates and farms of cottages and cottage comfort, and force the labourer into towns and villages, then these towns must supply the labour, and the gang-system will prevail; but if cottages and hamlets be erected and made comfortable, as they ought to be, then these will supply the labour of a sober and industrious race. We know of equally extensive farms in Scotland as any in Norfolk, where the labourers, to the amount of fifty or sixty, are collected from the cottages and rural hamlets, and placed under the superintendence of a foreman or land-steward; and if the gang-system is to be conti-

* Whitaker's History of Craven.

† Whitaker, from the Appleby Manuscript.

* Hartley Coleridge—Northern Worthies, p. 260-64.

nued in its present form, the neglect of an unfeeling proprietary, and the selfishness of a grasping tenantry, must constitute its sole apologies.

The examination of Yorkshire and Northumberland was committed to Sir Francis Doyle, a few extracts from whose perspicuous report will convey a sufficient idea of the physical and moral condition of the farm-labourers in these districts. In Yorkshire, women are pretty generally employed in field-labour, the entire earnings of an individual for a year being estimated from L.5 to L.6. The average rates per day are—ninépence in winter and spring; tenpence to one shilling for hay-making and hoeing turnips; and one and sixpence to two shillings for harvest work. Outfield labour is universally spoken of as healthy, and we find no complaints on this score in any part of the evidence.

With regard to the manners and morals of the women, no particular evil is supposed to result from their labouring in the fields. As to education, it seems to be of the most meagre and unsatisfactory kind, though, perhaps, improving. "School," continues Sir Francis, "is invariably sacrificed to work. If a farmer has, even for one day, a pig or cow to keep from straying, away goes the boy from his books to tend the animal. In this respect one school is just like all the rest. In winter it is tolerably well frequented; as the spring advances, first one scholar drops off, and then another, till towards harvest, when, in places where children are much employed, half the school is in the fields; it then shuts up for six weeks altogether. After harvest it re-opens; the attendance at first is thin, but it keeps getting better till about November, when it is at its height again." Of course this system, for it is a system, of irregular attendance is not so applicable to girls, who, from not being so generally employed in field-work, on the whole acquire a better education than the boys.

Of the general condition of the Yorkshire peasantry, little remains to be said. Admitting that they are "reasonably well off" as to personal comfort, there still seems ample room for the improvement of their condition by education and more comfortable housing. In point of mere victualling and clothing, the Yorkshire labourer is well off, and might be better still would he forego his beer and tobacco. "In the more prosperous districts, most of the cottages have gardens, many have also 'cow-gates.' It is also common for the farmers to allow their labourers so many yards of land to grow potatoes, on condition of receiving from them the manure of the pig which the potatoes in question feed, which is something like a rough sketch of the Allotment System, exhibiting, as far as it goes, many of its advantages." There is one evil connected with the mode of paying wages in the east-riding, which Sir Francis complains of:—"The male labourers are fed in the farm-houses, and have a certain proportion of wages deducted to pay for their meat; this proportion (one shilling a day), if we take wages at thirteen shillings a week, amounts to 6-13ths of the man's entire income from work; so that, setting aside her husband's food, more than half of his earnings is all that a woman has with which to confront the rest of life; her food, that of her children, the rent of the cottage, fuel, schooling, medical attendance, have all to be provided for out of a sum only just larger than what is retained for the bare meat and drink of an individual labourer. The farmers like this system, either because they profit by it, or because they have a notion, which I believe to be unfounded, that men work better in proportion as they are heavily fed. The men like it, because, no doubt, they get a better dinner than would otherwise fall to their share; but upon the women and children it must, and I am assured it does, operate for evil."

"Of the women who work in the fields of Northumberland, a few (such as the extra hands in busy times) are hired by the day, as elsewhere, at varying wages, according to the bargains which they drive; the majority, however, of those regularly employed are, to use the local phrase, the *bondagers*. These bondagers being an important part of the Northumberland system of agriculture, in order to understand the position they occupy, a few words of explanation will be required. Farm-servants in Northumberland, as in the southern counties of Scotland, are engaged upon a system different from that which prevails in other parts of England. In the absence of villages (which are rare) to supply occasional assistance, each farm must depend upon its own resources; a necessity is thus created for having a disposable force of boys and women always at command, which is effected in the following manner:—each farm is provided with an adequate number of cottages having gardens, and every man who is engaged by the year has one of these cottages: his family commonly find employment, more or less; but one female labourer he is bound to have always in readiness to answer the master's call, and to work at stipulated wages (tenpence a-day for small work, and one shilling for harvest): to this engagement the name of *bondage* is given, and such female labourers are called *bondagers*, or women who work the *bondage*. Of course, where the hind (as such yearly labourer is called) has no daughter or sister competent to fulfil for him this part of his engagement, he has to hire a woman servant; and this, in some senses of the word, may be a hardship to him; but, in the first place, this is not very common; and, in the second, the advantages of the system, even with

this drawback, are unquestionable. This system, as a whole, is as follows:—

Each man, instead of working for weekly wages, is hired for a year. He is, as I have already said, provided with a cottage and small garden upon the farm for himself and family, several of whom, in many cases, are engaged for the year, as well as himself. The wages of the hind are paid chiefly in kind; those of his sons, &c., either in money, or partly in money and partly in kind; the conditions of this engagement vary slightly in different parts of the county, but a woman to be found by the hind as *bondager* is universally one of them. I subjoin the conditions, as given me by Mr Grey of Dilton:—36 bushels of oats; 24 bushels of barley; 12 bushels of peas; 3 bushels of wheat; 3 bushels of rye; 36 to 40 bushels of potatoes; 24 lbs. of wool; a cow's keep for the year; cottage and garden; coals carrying from the pit; L.4 in cash."

This system Sir Francis approves of, and thinks that it is deserving of all the commendation which the gentry and practical farmers of Northumberland unite in bestowing upon it. In one respect, however, we are told, it is open to objection. The cottages, which are generally rent-free, are poor and inconvenient, the greater part having only one apartment, in which the whole family sleep. Education and religious influences modify the evils resulting from this imperfection, which is not creditable to those who possess the means of their entire removal. We are glad to learn that the education in Northumberland is good, that the people eagerly seek to acquire knowledge, and that it is a rare thing to find a grown-up labourer who cannot read and write, and who is not capable of keeping his own accounts. Such a state of matters contrasts favourably with the neglected condition of the peasantry in more southern counties; and when we are told that this education is not obtained through national schools, charity institutions, and the like, but by the exertions of the peasant himself, it indeed "bespeaks a state of society where sobriety is habitual and intelligence held in estimation."

Taking a general review of the evidence contained in the "Reports on the Employment of Women and Children in Agriculture," we are led to the following conclusions:—Employment in field-labour appears to be healthy rather than otherwise; though bad colds and rheumatism are frequently complained of as the result of exposure to wet and storm. The greater part of the work done by females, however, requires dry and sunny weather: hence it is less on them than on the male labourer that the effects of wet and cold are perceptible, the latter being for the most part rendered prematurely stiff and crippled. The occupation of children at the early ages of seven, eight, and ten, interferes most injuriously with their school tuition: hence the almost universal complaint in the southern counties of England that the agricultural population are deplorably ignorant and superstitious. Having no intellectual acquirements, and books being all but sealed from them, they have few resources either for recreation or instruction; and we may therefore cease to wonder should they repair to the village ale-house and give themselves up to habits of variance both with their moral and physical well-being. In a moral point of view, the farm-field is by no means favourably spoken of; but unless in the acquiring of rough and masculine habits, female labourers, where well superintended, do not seem to be worse in this respect than other classes. It is in the hop-gardens of Kent, and in the "gangs" of Norfolk, that agricultural labour assumes its worst moral aspect; and while much in the way of reformation might be done in both districts, the system pursued in the latter is a positive stigma on the farmers and landlords, seeing that the remedy is so easily and immediately within their power. The employment of married women is not favourably spoken of; and though their earnings may add a little to the family income, it seems to be admitted on all hands that it would be infinitely better were the wife to attend to the bringing up of her children, to the keeping of her cottage neat and clean, and to those general domestic duties which would render the cottage a home instead of its being, as it too often unfortunately is, a mere covert for shelter. It is not, however, to the employment of women and children in field-labour that we are solely to look for the evils attending the present state of English peasantry. We must take their general condition into view, and inquire whether those relations which ought to subsist between the employer and employed be honestly attended to; whether, in fact, Property discharges its duties to those by whose arm it is rendered productive! To this question we regret to find that the evidence of the commissioners replies in the negative. Each district exhibits in a greater or lesser degree the neglected state of the peasant; there is little or no provision made for the proper education of his children, and equally scanty attention paid to the fostering of sober and industrious habits. Instead of the "smiling cottage and garden," which we naturally associate with our ideas of "merrie England," we are told of miserable hovels, with earthen floors and uncovered rafters; and even this measure of accommodation so niggardly allotted, that parents, sons, and daughters, must eat, sit, and sleep in one apartment! From Kent to Northumberland the evidence is laden with complaints on this score; and if hovels, which would be thought unfit housing for dogs and horses, are to be the reward of "industry embrowned with toil," we may

cease to wonder if that industry should be ever degenerating into careless improvident habits, and that the workhouse, with its "regulation diets" and "ventilated halls," should be preferred to the cottage hearth and the home of an honourable self-dependence.

SILK MANUFACTURE IN IRELAND.

FROM a paper read by Dr W. C. Taylor before the British Association for the advancement of science, we learn that the silk manufacture was introduced into Ireland about the end of the seventeenth century by several Frenchmen, who took refuge in Ireland in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which compelled them to abandon their own country. It is believed that the weaving of tabinets, poplins, and tabbareas, was commenced at Dublin about 1693 by Latouche, an ancestor of the well-known bankers of that name. The manufacture was, however, confined to a few persons, from a narrow-minded error into which its introducers fell: they rigidly excluded the native Irish from any knowledge of, or participation in, the improved arts they practised, refusing even to take them as apprentices. For this reason silk-weaving made but slow progress, and was in a very low and unprofitable condition so late as the year 1733; but thirty years after, an act was passed which tended to improve it. The trade was placed under the direction of the Dublin Society, at least so much of it as extended within a circumference of two miles and a-half of the castle. This greatly benefited the silk manufacture; for in 1784 there were 800 weavers at work within the precincts of the society's jurisdiction. The rebellion completely suspended the operations of the trade in 1798, and two years later, it was deemed necessary to protect it by a duty of 10 per cent. on foreign and British silks coming into Ireland. In spite of all legislative efforts, however, the manufacture rapidly declined. Silk-looms began to be set up in Lancashire and Cheshire, and instead of increased energy to compete with the English, the Irish weavers embarrassed the trade by combinations and trades-unions. Consequently, several of the best workmen, to escape the tyranny of their companions, went over to England; and to this hour there are more Irish than English silk-weavers in Macclesfield. Fabrics wholly of silk ceased to be woven in Ireland when the duties on foreign silks were taken off in 1826, for the workmen refused to meet the increased competition by lowering their wages or altering their arbitrary laws. The poplin or tabinet manufacture, however, is still carried on in Ireland. The worst of this article is worsted, but it was always classed with the silk trade in the returns made to the Irish parliament. The manufacture employs 240 looms in Dublin; altogether, there are 280 workmen and 70 women, assisted by 130 children, employed in winding the bobbins or quills for the shuttles, at ages varying from seven to thirteen years. Irish poplins are infinitely superior to the French ones, from not having a particle of cotton in their composition; and the society of operative weavers has maintained a uniform rate of prices for several years—the masters generally concurring with this arrangement—because in an article of limited consumption, it is of greater importance to maintain its acknowledged superiority than to produce it at a lower cost; its use, moreover, being exclusively confined to the wealthy classes. The Jacquard loom is chiefly used, and a machine has been recently invented for introducing a variety of colours in fancy broadening, by a more effective process than any hitherto employed; but the impracticability of applying steam or water-power to this kind of weaving, must necessarily restrict it within narrow limits, and keep up its high price.

INFLUENCE OF THE FINE ARTS.

Wherever the arts are cultivated with success, they almost imperceptibly educate the general taste, and make politeness of mind keep pace with refinement of manners. They are to a highly commercial and opulent state of society what chivalry was to the feudal system: they wear down its asperities, correct its selfishness, relieve the sternness of its action, enliven the dulness of its repose, and mitigate the fierceness of its enjoyments. Where the arts are well understood, fashion cannot be so monstrous or fantastic as where they exert no salutary dominion over the fond love of variety. The source of excellence in art being a judicious observation of nature, and a right perception of her principles of beauty and symmetry, a closer adherence to nature will mark the fashions of society polished by their ascendancy than can distinguish the habits of people without the sphere of their influence. Hence the barbaric nations, where there is much wealth, never expend it in such a way as proves they have any notion of the pleasures of refinement. They endeavour to attract admiration through the vulgar passion of adornment, which is in a moment excited, and as suddenly expires, rather than create a rational respect by consulting for the praise of enlightened opinion.—*Writings of the late Sidney Taylor.*

NEW ANTISEPTIC.

It is stated from Vienna that the Abbe Baldisconi, of the Museum of Natural History of that city, has composed a solution of sal-ammoniac and corrosive sublimate, which has the effect of giving to articles immersed in it the hardness of stone, without injury to their natural colour. Even the flesh of animals thus treated acquires this hardness, and gives out, when struck, a metallic sound.

Weekly Chat.

On turning up a volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine" the other day, for the year 1785, we were struck with the following paragraph, which occurs in the chronicle of events in February of that year:—

"This morning a shocking spectacle was exhibited before the debtor's door of Newgate, where twenty miserable wretches were in one moment plunged into eternity. It is truly lamentable that the safety, peace, and good order of society, should render the sacrifice of the lives of our fellow-creatures to the offended laws indispensably necessary. The malefactors who suffered this morning were [here follow the names and offences—ten for burglary; two for stealing from dwelling-houses; one for publishing a forged seaman's will; one for publishing a counterfeit bill of sale; and six for assault and robbery.] They all appeared to die sincerely penitent, and deeply impressed with an idea of the awful change they were about to experience. The concourse of people was much greater than it is remembered in the same neighbourhood on any occasion whatever."

Such is the cool way in which those odious and debasing exhibitions—public executions—was alluded to fifty-eight years ago in respectable metropolitan prints. Such also is a specimen of the logic employed on these occasions. Twenty men are strangled in a morning like so many dogs, because their sacrifice is "indispensably necessary for the safety, peace, and good order of society!" A more enlightened policy now discovers that public executions do not in the slightest degree contribute to these ends; and that, in proportion as this vengeful mode of punishment is dropped, so do the crimes diminish for which such punishments were designed. Aided by a well-conducted police, the performances of the school-master and printer, it is at length beginning to be found, are preferable to those of the executioner in contributing to the "safety, peace, and good order of society."

Sir Walter Scott, as is well remembered in Edinburgh, laughed outright at the *delusive* notion of lighting towns with gas, and yet lived to become chairman of a gas company. We find from the pamphlet, a "Reproof of Brutus," that a writer in the "British Critic" had committed himself still more strongly in reference to the *obsurd* ideas about gas-lighting. "To those critics (proceeds our author) who are prompt to decide upon philosophical truths, upon which their previous pursuits and studies do not render them competent to pronounce a sound judgment, I recommend the perusal of the article in the 'British Critic,' October 1808, upon 'A Heroic Epistle to Mr Winsor, the Patentee of the Hydro-carbonic Gas Lights,' commencing thus:—'We hail this effusion as one of the happiest, most pointed, and most witty pieces of satire on a temporary delusion, which has appeared since the days of Swift. The individual to whom it is addressed, the subject which has engaged his attention, the curiosity of the public towards him, and their repeated disappointments, are all matters of sufficient notoriety.' If the critic is still living, it is to be hoped that he has improved in modesty." This is fairly hit.

How eloquently does Dr Johnson speak of some of the commonest subjects. With all his wordiness, there is scarcely one syllable to be spared of the following description:—"Who, when he first saw the sand or ashes by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metallic form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined that, in this shapeless lump, lay so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life, and what is of yet more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary light. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed without his knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself."

At a late meeting of the Paris Institute, a paper was received and read from M. Mandl, entitled "Microscopic Investigations as to the Nature of the Tartar and Mucous Coverings of the Tongue and Teeth." If we are to believe M. Mandl's microscope, the human mouth is a perfect cemetery, where millions of infusoria find their catacombs. Leuwenhœck had already told us that the human mouth was peopled with infusory animals, and that the mucous secretion on its surface served as the medium in which they exist; but it remained for M. Mandl to discover that the tartar which covers the teeth is formed of the mountains of the dead of the inhabitants of this medium. We need scarcely say that it is in the power of every one to prevent these concretions. One of the best dentifrices of which we have any knowledge is finely powdered charcoal and pure tepid water.

In a smart but somewhat exaggerated article in the late "Foreign Quarterly Review," an attack is made on the gaudiness of English who travel on the continent. We are far from agreeing with the writer in all his observations, but think the following may not be far from the truth, for we have seen such barbarians as he alludes to. "Milor Anglais is the sure mark for pillage and overcharge and mendacious servility, all of which he may thank himself for having called into existence. We remember falling in with an old gentleman at Liege several years ago, who had travelled all over Belgium and up the Rhine into Nassau without knowing one word of any language except his own native English. His explanation of this curious dumb process to a group

of his countrymen tickled the whole party amazingly. He thought you could travel anywhere, without knowing any language, if you had only plenty of money: he did not know what he had paid at Wiesbaden, or anywhere else: his plan was to thrust his hand into his pocket, take it out again filled with sovereigns, and let them help themselves: he never could make out their bills, they were written in such a hieroglyphical hand: what of that? Rhino will carry you anywhere! (an exclamation enforced by a thundering slap on his breeches pocket); he didn't care about being cheated; he had money enough, and more where that came from; he supposed they cheated him, but he could afford it; that was all he looked to; and much more to the same purpose."

Some readers will scarcely believe us when we mention that a practice has been begun in certain districts in England of giving annual "rewards to labourers for bringing up their families independently of parochial relief." He who seeks little or nothing from the parish gets a prize. The reward, however, is proportioned to the number of children he has had the merit of providing for by his own exertions. At a distribution of this kind at Aylesbury, on the 14th of September, we find that one of these miracles of independence got £4 for having had nine children born to him in lawful wedlock, seven of whom he has brought up without parochial relief. Another got thirty shillings for having reared four children without having sought anything from the parish. What a state of society in which men must be bribed to support their own children!

The "Athenæum" of October 7 observes as follows:—"We have a curious example in the German papers of the ignorance which prevails on the continent as to the extent of English trade and manufactures: thus, at a meeting of the Austrian Industrial Society, a patentee of caoutchouc works claimed to have taken out the earliest patent, in 1831, whereas one was taken out in England in 1823; and he asserted that his firm was the largest manufacturing establishment in the world, and in proof stated that they employed no less than 140 workmen, and made 4000 pair of braces annually! A discussion this week in the daily papers offers an amusing commentary: from this it appears that one outfitting house in the city of London employs 3000 persons, and makes and sells more than 20,000 dozens of shirts annually."

Two or three pleasingly written articles have appeared lately in "Fraser's Magazine," purporting to be Reminiscences of Louis Philippe. Alluding to the travels of his majesty in North America, while an exile from his native country, the writer observes that it "was an event of a striking character in the life of Louis Philippe, when, whilst traversing the untamed domains of nature from Buffalo to Canandaigua, he met that persevering and admirable man Mr A. Baring, who recently, as Lord Ashburton, has effected the treaty between Great Britain and America which bears his name. Little did the exiled duke then think, whilst listening to the relation of the endurance he had had to submit to during his long and most wearisome journey, that at some future period he, the young exile, would be king of the French; and that, during his reign, Lord Ashburton would be selected by the British government to terminate differences with America which should have existed more than a quarter of a century. Unintimidated by Mr Baring's descriptions, faithful and correct as they were, the duke and his companions ascended the Seneca Lake, proceeded to Tioga Point, and during the last twenty-five miles of their journey, each carried on his back his own baggage." A sketch of these wanderings has been given in Numbers 463 and 464 of the Journal.

Mr Tytler, in his interesting account of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, relates the following affecting incident. "On removing the dead body, and the clothes and mantle which lay beside it, Mary's favourite little dog, which had followed his mistress to the scaffold unperceived, was found nestling under them. No entreaty could prevail on it to quit the spot; and it remained lying beside the corpse, and stained in the blood, till forcibly taken away by the attendants."

Every man of eminence who writes his own biography, explicitly avows that he is unconscious of any other reason for having attained proficiency in his pursuits than *intense application*. Supposing a fair share of natural endowments to be given, an ardent desire to excel will certainly overcome many difficulties. In the autobiography of the late Mr Abraham Raimbach, an eminent engraver in London, just published, we find an additional corroboration of this view. "All true excellence in art is, in my humble opinion, to be chiefly attributed to an early conviction of the inadequacy of all means of improvement in comparison with that of *self-acquired knowledge*."

"Mamma!" exclaimed a beautiful girl, who had suffered affliction to obscure the little intellect she possessed, "what is that long green thing lying on the dish before you?" "A cucumber, my beloved Georgiana," replied the mamma, with a bland smile of approbation at her darling's commendable curiosity. "A cucumber! gracious goodness, my dear mamma, how very extraordinary; I always imagined, until this moment, that they grew in slices."—*Chapman's Weekly Magazine*.

In turning over the files of the "Sydney Herald," we perceive that great pecuniary embarrassment is felt throughout the colony of New South Wales. In 1842 there were no fewer than six hundred insolventcies; and the early part of the present year has been signalled by the explosion of the Bank of Australia, the failure of the Sydney Bank, and finally, by a run on the Savings' Bank. We copy the following statements from a leading article of the Sydney Herald for May 6, 1843, without, however, giving a guarantee of their correctness. "The very intensity of our present monetary derangement," says the editor, "furnishes the most advantageous investment of capital in land and live-stock. Very many of our large holders are so irre-

trievably embarrassed, by reason chiefly of the enormously high prices at which their purchases were made, that their property must be sold—sold without reserve—sold as much below its true value as those at which they purchased were above it. This then is the time for the arrival of immigrants of moderate capital. They need feel no discouragement because of the absurd extravagance of the upset price of crown lands; for they may have their pick of some of the finest lands in the territory—for cash down—at less than the minimum of five shillings per acre. And the lands we speak of—unlike the thickly-wooded lands of Canada and the United States—are open plains, ready at once for either plough or pasturage. We shall scarcely exaggerate if we say that an immigrant, arriving at this juncture, or perhaps within the next eighteen months, with £500 in sterling money, may with that sum purchase as much land and live stock as would have cost four or five years ago as many thousands. The British colonist, who is pondering as to what part of the world he shall emigrate to, should therefore reflect that the time of our extremity is the time of his opportunity, and that there is now a tide in the affairs of New South Wales which, 'taken at the flood,' will 'lead on to fortune.' If all this be true, it affords a remarkable testimony of the correctness of statements which we formerly made respecting the ruinous condition of Australian settlers—a ruin clearly produced by gambling, for their mad speculations are deserving of no other name."

FABLES IN VERSE.

[From "Old Friends in a New Dress;" a series of well-known fables admirably verified for the amusement of the young, by Mr R. S. Sharpe, of London.]

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A MAN very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind
Came by and entreated his aid;
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry me,
It will give me much pleasure to show it."

Great strength you have got,
Which, alas! I have not;
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
"What an excellent plan!
Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Blown from a high and spreading oak,
An Acorn fell, with sudden blow,
(Making his head ache with the stroke)
Upon a Mushroom down below.

"Sir," said the Mushroom, "when you jump,
In future be by prudence led;
Do not fall on one quite so plump,
You very nearly broke my head."

"Poor empty thing!" the Acorn said,
"How came you here? on what pretence?
Don't talk to me about your head,
I'm shocked at your impertinence."

Hear and respect:—behold in me
The noblest offspring of the earth!
The fruit of England's proudest tree,
Ennobled both by fame and birth.

With me, such ancestry who trace,
You little unsubstantial elf!
(Growth of a night on dunghill base)
You do not sure compare yourself."

"Sir," said the Mushroom, "'tis most true,
And therefore you may spare your tongue;
So far from claiming rank with you,
I really know not whence I sprung.

But merit makes the lowly shine
More than the proud possessing none;
And if you want a proof of mine,
I think that I can give you one.

I join the scenes of festive mirth,
And please all palates when they dine;
While you (with all your pride of birth)
Are only fit to feed the swine."

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